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THERE PLENTY PEOPLE
HERE TO WATCH!

YES, TONTO! THE MEXICAN PEOPLE RECEIVE
HIGHER PRICES FOR THEIR PRODUCTIONS AND
FOOD ON THE TEXAS SIDE AND CROSS OVER
DAILY TO MARKET!



LOOK! THAT FELLOW
CAME BACK WITH ALL
HIS LOAD! HE HAS NOT
SELL ANY PRODUCTIONS
IN LEON!

STRANGE, HE'S RETURNING TO
MEXICO EARLY IN THE MORNING
OTHERS ARE STILL CROSSING TO
LEON WITH THEIR PRODUCE
LOADS!



WISH HE DECIDE
TO SELL CHEAP IN
HIS OWN TOWN AND
GET RID OF HIS
STOCKS QUICK!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, TONTO!—
HAVE YOU NOTICED, ALL THE
VEHICLES ARE EXAMINED ON
THE TEXAS SIDE AND NO ONE
COULD BRING THE RIFLES
ACROSS ON FOOT! BUT
STILL THEY ARE SAUGLED
OVER!



THREE DAYS LATER...

THERE'S THE SAME FELLOW WHO
HAS RETURNED HOME EARLY
EVEN! WHY HE'S WATCHED,
TONTO! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY HE BRINGS THE TRIP
BACK DAY IF HE CAN'T SELL
HIS PRODUCTIONS!

HE NOT KNOW,
KEMO SARRY, BUT
TUNTO THINK MEXICO
GUN-SMUGGLING
STOP—THERE NOT
BE TROUBLE FOR
THREE DAYS!



AT DUSK ACROSS THE BORDER...

HENRY IS SOLIDLY CONCERNED!
THE RIFLES HAVE GONE!

FISH THEM OUT TO
THE NEW MEXICAN
SOLDIERS ATTACK!











THAT BEING CLOSE BEHIND! I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO CHECK THESE HIDEOUTS!



BURLAP!—AND THERE'S SOMETHING SOLID HIDDEN INSIDE!



QUICKLY THE LONG HANDED FINGERS RUN DOWN THE CONCEALING BURLAP COVERING UNDER THE FIRESTICKS...

FROM THE SHAPE AND FEEL OF THE HIDDEN OBJECT, THEY CAN ONLY BE ONE THING—BULLETS!



WELL, JESUS! I WOULD CALLED HIM A BEE JUST HAVE STUNG HIM, EH?

WELL, BECAUSE I BUT WE COULD RUN AWAY FOR ALL I CARE! HE IS ONLY CARRYING A LOAD OF HIDEOUTS...



TOMATO, FOLLOW THAT BIRD! I'LL GET THE HORSES AND CATCH UP WITH YOU! BUT BE CAREFUL—THAT PEOPLE SHOOTING GUNS!



BUT AT THE AMERICAN END OF THE BRIDGE, ANOTHER MAN WATCHES...

THAT INDIAN IS FOLLOWING OUR DRIVER!—I WILL FOLLOW THE TELL HONORS FOR THE ROBERT AND FOLLOW THE INDIAN IF HE TRAILS THE DRIVER THROUGH THE STREETS OF PRESIDIO DEL NORTE—HE'LL NEVER RETURN TO THIS SIDE ALIVE!















WHERE IS CORTALEZ? YOU'D BETTER SPEAK OR YOU'LL NOT BE JAIL FOR YOUR BUM SMUGGLING!

WE'RE NOT TELLING YOU ANYTHING! AS LONG AS CORTALEZ IS SAFE, WE HAVE A CHANCE TO BE RESCUED!



HOW LONG DO YOU THINK CORTALEZ WILL LAST WITHOUT YOUR BRIBES AND AFFILIATION?

LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, YOU SCOUND-RENTS' FOOLBAG!



THE INDIAN IS LOOSE! I SHOULD HAVE PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIM!

WELL, UNLOAD THE BURROS? I HAVE A WAY TO LOCATE CORTALEZ ANYWHERE THESE OUTLAW' LADS!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE BURROS WILL FIND CORTALEZ FOR US!

THEY WERE GIVEN TO HIS WIDE-OUT WITH CONTINGENT DOLLARS EVERY DAY! I'LL GIVE THEM FIVE DOLLARS AND I WILL FOLLOW THEM! MEANWHILE, CONTACT THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TO FOLLOW UP WHEN WE CROSS THE RIVER!



THE BURROS HAVE CROSSED THE RIVER!

THEY'RE HUNTING FOR THE SMUGGLERS! WOULDNT I HOPE THEY DIDNT END THEIR JOURNEY HERE, BUT WERE TAKEN ON TO CORTALEZ' WIDE-OUT!



THEY FIND HOUSE!

THEY ARE LEADING US TO CORTALEZ! COME ON, SALMER!





TAKE COVER,
TOMMY!

GET-UP-UP,
SCOUT!



BEHIND THESE ROCKS, TOMMY! IF WE
CAN KEEP THEM PINNED BEHIND THE
CANYON UNTIL THE MEXICAN CAVALEY
FOLLOWS OUR BLAZED TRAIL HERE,
WE'LL BE SAFE!



IT WAS THE MARCHED HORSE
AND THE INDIAN SCOUTS WHO
FIRED ON US A FEW MOMENTS
BACK!

THEY WILL NOT
INTERFERE WITH
US AGAIN!



THEY FIRE TOO
CLOSE, CONTACT!

KEEP SHOOTING! I WILL
TAKE SOME MEN AND
SURPRISE OUR ANNOYERS
FROM THE REAR!



BUT AS CONTACTS GOING TO ADVANCE, SODDER...

HARDER, BUT
THE CAVALEY!

TO THE HORSES, MEN! WE
MUST FORCE THE PASS OR
BE CAPTURED!



the Lone Ranger

The Eagle Tattoo





DON'T WORRY, WE'RE RIGHTLY CAREFUL ABOUT THOSE SLEAZEBAG ALABAMA GANGS!—NEXT, WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR FINGER?

A RING I TOOK OFF THAT HANGS ON THAT STAGE YESTERDAY! BUT I CAN'T REAP IT AROUND HERE!



SOMETIME, YOU MIGHT FORGET TO TAKE IT OFF AND BE SPOTTED! GIVE IT TO ME!

BUT THAT IT'S A GOOD RING!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!—TODAY, WE'RE LITTING THE BARK AT NINE GULCH, BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO MILLTOWN TO GET A SHOE FOR MY HORSE (ONE OF 'EM IS WORRY ALMOST TO NOTHING)! A GREEN-EYED LARKIN MIGHT SPOT MY TRAIL, THAT MAY YOU SEE, I NEVER TAKE CHANCES, YES!



MEANWHILE, NEAR MILLTOWN...

WE TRY ALL TRAILS OF STAGE ROBBERS, HEADS BARK, BUT THEY COVER TRACKS PLUNTY GOOD!

YES, YONTO, WE'VE LOST THEIR TRAIL AGAIN! BUT I'M CERTAIN OF ONE THING—THAT GANG IS LED BY NAT SPENCER!



THE PATTERN OF THE ROBBERS IN THIS TERRITORY IS THE SAME AS THE FIRST ONE SPENCER LED—THE HORSES ARE ALL GUN-COLORED AND UNMARKED AND THE CRICKS GOIN' AFTER EACH ROBBERY!

BUT WHY THEY HAVE DIFFERENT LEADER EACH TIME AND I'M ONLY FELLER WHO NOT WEAR MASK?

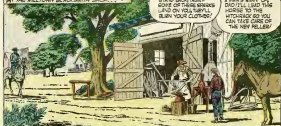


THEY MAY TAKE TURNS AS LEADER, BUT IT PUTZLES ME WHY THE LEADER IN EACH CASE HE UNMARKED THE NIGHT OR RECORDED SOMETIME!

UGH! YONTO RIDE TO MILLTOWN WOMPACOUT HAVE—LARK LOONE SHOULDN'T WE SEARCH FOR OUT-LARKING AGAIN?—GET-EM UP, SCOUT!



AT THE MILITARY BLACKSMITH SHOP...



STAND BACK THERE!
NONE OF THESE GRASS
LEAF ON YOU, THEY'LL
BLAME YOUR CLOTHES!

A HAND'S BORN UP,
BACH! I'LL LEAD THE
HORSE TO THE
HITCHPOST SO YOU
CAN TAKE CARE OF
THE NEW FELLER!



CAN YOU SHOE MY
HORSE FROM TOP?

HELL! BRING HIM
HERE, STRANGER!



THE RIGHT FRONT
SHOE'S WORN TUN!
CAN YOU REPLACE
IT WITH A SECOND-
HAND SHOE—I'M
KINDA LOW ON
FUNDS!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO LOOK
AROUND FOR A SECOND-
HAND SHOE, BUT I RECKON
I CAN FIT YOU UP IN A
FEW MINUTES!



YEA, ONE IF YOU
CAN DIS ME UP
A SECOND-HAND
SHOE!

WELL, ONE OF THE ONES
HERE ARE TOO WORN TO USE
AGAIN—WELL, THERE'S THE SHOE
WE TOOK FROM THAT REBEL'S
HORSE YESTERDAY! IT WAS JUST
LOOKS, BUT HE WANTED A
NEW ONE!

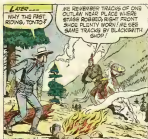


HERE IT
IS, SIR!

YOU KNOW, TO GET A DOLLAR TO
A DOLLAR! BARGE, THE BLACK-
SMITH TOOK THE HORSE,
POURED THE SHOE / ALMOST
PUTS HIS BRAND ON 'EM THE
WAY HE PUNCHES IN THE
ENDS!







WAITING UNTIL THE SHOP IS DESERTED, THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO RIDE UP. THE INDIAN MAN IS RECOGNIZED AND HE EXPLAINS HIS MISSION...

HOLY HUCKLEBERRY! THAT CORNBY CUGS WANTED A SECOND-HAND SHOE!

A NEW ONE WOULD HAVE LEFT TOO CLEAR A MARK!







SUCH AFTER, NAT TELLS THE OTHERS WHAT HAS HAPPENED.









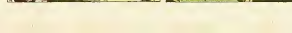
THE OUTLAW RETREAT INTO THE CABIN, AS THE GUNFIGHT BLAZES ON...





THE GREAT WHITE STALLION RACES FORWARD, HEADING THE OTHER HORSES BEHIND HER.







THE DREAM OF LITTLE FOX.

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Two hundred yards from the bald butte, Little Fox let his bony, crow-bait pony shuffle to a stop. It was a borrowed pony—for Little Fox, the orphan boy, had never owned a horse. He had hardly ever owned anything more than his bow and arrows and his flint knife. He had made these after long watching of Neeshota, the old arrow maker.

Little Fox was out hunting for turquoise stones—those lumps of pale sky-blue spotted with brown, which Unkawa the tribal jeweler made into necklaces and belts and bracelets. Little Fox had never found much turquoise—but what he did repaid Unkawa for his food and shelter.

Right now, the boy was watching a big, black raven alight on the bald butte. There should be nothing up there for a raven to eat—and that made Little Fox curious.

After a moment the raven flew away. It held something small in its claws. A mouse? But what would a **MOUSE** be doing on that high, bare rock? Little Fox decided to find out.

He tied his sleepy pony, and started climbing. It took him half an hour of hard work

to reach the butte's top. And then he was disappointed. There was nothing but cracked and weathered rock, and a few pebbles. . . .

PEBBLES! They had a familiar color, and one or two were shiny in the sun! Ravens liked to pick up shiny things! If they should be turquoise—

They were! A double handful of them! And another, fist-size chunk, wedged in a crack. . . . Little Fox pried it out. And that, too, was a turquoise—the biggest, and purest that he had ever seen!

As Little Fox gazed at it, the stone's lovely blue seemed to glow. The soft light that it shed seemed to fill his soul. He hugged it to his breast. Then, he began to think of the things that big turquoise would buy. . . .

Many times in the next week, Little Fox crept away by himself, to gaze in wonder at his stone. Patiently, hour after hour, he rubbed it with coarser stones, until it took on shape and polish. Those hours seemed to pass like minutes.

But there were other times when he dreamed of the horse that his stone would buy. A horse like the pinto samel, Red Cloud,



who led Chief Long Lance's band of horses. Not Red Cloud—for the Chief would never part with him—but a horse LIKE him.

Once a year, Chief Long Lance had four braves catch and hold Red Cloud. Then the Chief would mount him, and the braves would jump back. Every year the Chief tried to ride the sorrel stallion—and every time he did, the sorrel threw him. People said it would always end the same way—but they were wrong.

THIS year, Red Cloud stepped into a gopher hole, as he was bucking—and as he fell, there was a sharp crack of breaking bone. When the Chief and his horse got to their feet, Red Cloud stood with one slim foreleg lifted and hanging queerly below the knee.

A groan of pity went up from the people who were watching. Then, sadly, they turned their backs. They knew what must be done!

Trying not to show his sorrow, Chief Long Lance drew his knife. He stepped toward the proud, beautiful horse, who tried not to show his pain. And then—

There was an interruption! Little Fox, the orphan boy, ran between the Chief and the

doomed horse. In his hand he held a large stone—a turquoise that glowed like a bit of blue sky.

"Please, please!" the boy panted. "Please do not kill him! Sell me Red Cloud, O Chief—for this stone!"

Amazed, Chief Long Lance took the stone and examined it. He gravely questioned the boy—and learned how Little Fox had come by it.

"Very well!" he said at last. "Red Cloud is yours! But take him away—where I shall never see him again!"

After the Chief had gone, Little Fox wrapped the broken leg in soft tanned buffalo skin. Then he splinted it with sticks . . . next, he made a harness of rawhide thongs that held the leg from touching the ground. When this was done, he led Red Cloud away, on three legs, very gently, very slowly, out of sight of the village.

For a year, the village people saw Little Fox only once in many days, when he came in for corn and dried meat. They knew that he was keeping Red Cloud in some hidden gulch or canyon, trying to get the broken leg to mend. But they did not believe he would succeed. They knew that such a thing had never been done before.

What they did not know was the magic that splints and bandages and massage and exercise—and above all, LOVE—can work! They did not know that all these things were making Little Fox's dream come true.

But on the day that Little Fox, on a flashing, pinto-sorrel stallion, won the inter-tribal sweepstakes race, even Chief Long Lance had to believe.

And their astonishment was greater still when their chief took off his own turquoise necklace, placed it around the neck of the orphan boy, and said:

"Little Fox, your medicine is very strong! I proclaim you, no longer an orphan, but my adopted son!"

YOUNG HAWK





LITTLE BROTHER'S DIVE IS JUST AS QUICK, HOWEVER—AND HIS TARGET IS TUMBLEWEED'S TAIL!



THE HAWK'S SMALL BEAR IS CLAMPED LIKE A VICE! AND TUMBLEWEED'S ONLY THOUGHT IS ESCAPE.



—UNTIL ONE FOREPAW LANDS ON A HOT COAL.





AS THE BOYS HALT, WHISPERING, A HUGE
ANTLERED HEAD MOVES INTO VIEW, UPWIND





SEE! A DEER YARD!
THE WOLVES ARE
DOWN THERE, GRIV-
ING THE DEER!



ALONG ONE OF THE SIX-FOOT-DEEP TRENCHES
TRODDEN IN THE SNOW BY GRINDING DEER,
A BUCK COMES BOUNDING



AS YOUNG HAWK SPEAKS, THE BUCK MAKES ONE
MAGNIFICENT BOUND——OVER THE HIGH SNOW
BARRIER INTO A PARALLEL TRENCH——
THUS BREAKING HIS SCENT TRAIL, AND
GETTING OUT OF SIGHT, TOO



OW-OOO
—OOOH?

BUT, CLOSE BEHIND HIM COME A DOE AND A
YOUNG SPIKEHORN BUCK



OOO—OOOH!

—— AND IN CLEAR VIEW OF THEM,
THE GRAY KILLERS!



AT THE SAME SPOT WHERE THE BUCK ESCAPED, THE DOE LEAPS THE HIGH SNOW BARRIER



--- BUT THE SPIKEHORN IS CONFUSED, AND MISJUDGES THE JUMP! AS HE FLOUNDERS--



--- THE GRAY PACK IS ON HIM!



THEY DRAG HIM DOWN, THEIR LONG FANGS SLASHING!



AND THEN THE BOWSTRINGS RING WITH A JOYOUS SCREAM. THE LITTLE BIRD OF PREY DARTS FROM YOUNG HAWK'S SHOULDER.



TWO WOLVES ARE DOWN, AND TWO MORE ARE STRUCK AS LITTLE BROTHER ARRIVES SCREECHING HIS WAR CRY!



YI-YEE.

THE LAST THREE FLEE LIKE SCARED GHOSTS—
BUT ONE OF THESE FAILS TO OUTFRISK
YOUNG HAWK'S ARROW!



SO? YOU ARE TELLING
ME THAT YOU KILLED
THEM ALL YOURSELF,
EH, YOU LITTLE
BOASTER?

KREE-AWK!
KREE-KERR—
KERR-AWK!



I TAKE IT BACK---WHAT I
SAID ABOUT YOUR BIRD, YOUNG
HAWK! HE DID SPOT THE SAME
FOR US---MOOSE
AND DEER!

HE IS
WORTH
HIS
KEEP!



BUT NOW,
WE MUST SKIN
THE CARCASSES
BEFORE THEY
FREEZE!



HOURS LATER---WITH THE SKINNING DONE!

WE'LL HAVE
ENOUGH GOOD
MEAT TO LAST A
WEEK! UMMM—
YUMMMM!

NOT IF YOU EAT MUCH
MORE, LITTLE BUCK!
BUT WE'VE DONE A
GOOD DAY'S WORK!



AND NOW WE'LL HAVE JUST TIME TO
REACH OUR WICKIUP BEFORE
FULL DARK! IF WE HURRY!

FIVE WOLF
SKINS?
NAH!



OUT DANGER---GRIME DANGER---WATS FOR YOUNG
HANK AND LITTLE BUCK* A PARTY OF CROW INDIANS,
HUNTING BEAR,CATCH SIGHT OF---

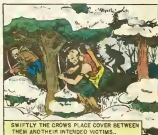


--- THE TWO BOYS, TRUDDING
ALONGS UNDER THEIR PACKS.



STRANGERS* WE WILL AMBUSH
THEM AND TAKE THEIR PACKS!

YEH! GOOD!
THESE YOUNG
TREES WILL
HIDE US!



SWIFTLY THE CROWS PLACE COVER BETWEEN
THEM AND THEIR INTENDED VICTIMS...



KER-SEE-SEE-ANN!
CHIR-EEER---EEER!

WHAT IS IT, LITTLE
BROTHER? IN THAT
PATCH OF YOUNG
TREES UP THE SLOPE?
--- I SAW
SOMETHING ---

BUT LITTLE BROTHER, WHOSE KEEN EYES
NEVER REST, ESPIES THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENT.



KREE-
ANN?

JUMP, LITTLE BUCK!



LIKE A LIVING ARROW, LITTLE BROTHER TAKES OFF AFTER THE HUMMING SHAFTS THAT, TO HIM, MEAN A FRESH KILL!

TWO OF THE BOYS' ARROWS HAVE SCORED, WHEN---



--- A TINY FURY OF RAZOR SHARP TALONS AND HIPPIING BEAK DARTS AMONG THE CROWS!



IN SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR THE WHOLE CROW PARTY BREAKS AND RUNS.





JUST AFTER DARK THE BOYS COME IN SIGHT OF HOME---AND THE FIRELIGHT REACHING UP THROUGH THE SMOKE HOLE!



LATER, AROUND THE SUPPER FIRE, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK TELL THE TALE OF THE PLUCKY LITTLE BIRD---WHILE JEALOUS TUMBLEWEED LICKS HIS BARBARED PAW AND PRETENDS NOT TO NOTICE!

GENERAL CUSTER'S LAST RIDE

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WILLIAM FEINSTEIN & LITTON CO.



On the morning of June 25, 1876, General George A. Custer, leading the Seventh Cavalry, topped the high bluffs overlooking the Little Big Horn river. In the valley below lay an immense Sioux village.

Here was camped the night of the Sioux and Cheyenne nations—some 12,000 Indians with a fighting force of from three to five thousand men.

Though he had proved himself a military man of great distinction in the Civil War, and



in previous Indian encounters, Custer this day made a grave tactical error. Instead of waiting for reinforcements from General Terry, he decided to attack at once.

Custer divided his command into three columns and sent two of them, under Benteen and Reno, to attack further upstream. Custer, heading five companies—264 men—led a direct charge on the village from the northwest. Reno and Benteen were quickly pinned down and put on the defensive while a wave of warriors engulfed "Long Hair," as Custer was known to the Indians.

With the exception of one scout, to a man, Custer and his troops were slaughtered.

INDIAN SHIELDS

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McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Inc.



DRAPED WITH
FLANNEL

Among the Indian's most colorful and decorative creations are his ceremonial shields. Aside from their ceremonial use, these shields make unusually attractive wall hangings.

With a few inexpensive materials and a little effort, you can make your own ceremonial shield.

You will need an ordinary wooden hoop about twenty-four inches in diameter. If you wish to carry your shield, tack armstraps on one side of the hoop as shown in Fig. A. Cover the other side of the hoop with a cheap artist's canvas, primed side out, and tack

from behind as shown in Fig. B. Now, with a pencil, sketch an Indian design on the primed side (or front) of the canvas, as illustrated in Fig. C, and paint with any color combination you like. Common flat house paint is best, but tone-down the colors with flat white paint. Toned-down colors lend an aged look to the finished work. Now drape the shield with a foot-wide strip of solid-colored flannel. As the finishing touch, dip the tips of a dozen large white feathers in bright red paint and, when dry, pin them to the flannel.





The Oobovae caribou is the largest mountain-dwelling reindeer that lives in open, treeless country; it inhabits the open, treeless country of the Yukon. Usually the variety of animal life is more abundant in the open, treeless country than in the forested areas.

**Digital
Comic
Preservation**

**Another
pointless
scan by
Kritter**

**You got a friggin' Problem
with me?!?
Yeah, I didn't think so.**

**If you like it,
then buy it!
Don't make me
come looking
for you!**

